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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO 45.

Select Poetry.

Impromptu Reply.

To a lady who proposed to wear the Patriotic Rosette of Red, White and Blue.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

The flag you boast is nature's gift,
Forever fresh and new,
You bear display'd upon your face,
The Red, the White and Blue.
Your fair complexion is the White,
Your eyes of azure hue,
The rose that mantles on your cheek
Complete White, Red and Blue.
A patriot, this by nature fram'd
Scarcely artificial here,
And, nature'd by the smiles of heav'n,
Through time and change endures.
But should your bright complexion fade,
Your eyes be dim and blue,
And all the beauties of the rose,
Prove fleeting as a dream;
Still far beyond all outward show
That captivates the eye,
Within your gentle bosom glow
Virtues that never die.
The patriotic heart is ever there,
Change colors as they will,
In war or peace, hope or despair,
True to your country still.

Charge of Murat at Eylau.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid-winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all; no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. A storm, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannot move down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Heaped in and overthrown, the whole Russian, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonaparte's wishes or expectation, than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resource left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the old guard marching sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres above the bark and angry mass below looked like the foam of a sea wave as its crest breaks on the deep. The rattling of their armor and the muffled thunder of their tread drowned all the roar of the battle, as with firm, set spray, and swift, steady motion they bore down with their terrible front on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army fell like frost-work before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry action at Eylau. The clashing of steel was like the ring of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together; the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through broken hosts that gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those daring deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with ten fold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery, and rattling of musketry, and falling of sabre strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted, and striking for victory.

He reared like an unloosed lion among the foe; and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard

above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept up a devouring fire upon his men, he wheeled his horse, and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his pistol in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish everlasting themes for the poet and the painter.

THE ZOULAVE.

THE FRENCH ZOULAVE IN THE CRIMEA.

Mr. Willis, in last week's Home Journal, reproduces some passages from a recent work of an English officer on the War in the Crimea, not yet republished here. In these days of military preparation, and imitation of the Zouave drill the writer's description of the French Zouave in the Crimea is readable.

A CURIOUS STORY.

"The Zouave is a small, fine-featured man, rather loosely put together. He has that expression of face which prepares you at once for any cool, intrepid, harmless piece of impudence. I say harmless, for among friends he is soft-hearted as a woman, perhaps more so. He is a braggart, but full of kindness and devoid of envy. He will believe of others stories to the full as marvellous as he relates of himself, and give them entire credit for any species of impossible adventure to which they may lay claim. His mind is at once shrewd and imaginative, yet singularly free from suspicion. The stupidest trickster might win his faith and deceive him; and to do so even with subsequent impunity, for he does not know what it is to bear enduring malice. In spite of this boyish simplicity, however, he is unmatched in invention and resources. He would live, and live well, where ingenuity, wisdom and experience incarnate would fail. He is brave to rashness, unselfish to chivalry, unexcusing, good-humored, ready to oblige or assist others to a degree that is inexplicably graceful and winning, but he must be humored, for he believes in himself, but if you put him out he will begin to talk about *Le soldat Français, courageux*, and then nothing in the world is to be done with him until he is pacified. A word, however, will pacify him. I believe a single kindness would touch his generous heart more than years of wrong, injury or ingratitude.

"He is a curious study, but the more you think of him the more he will amuse you, and the more you will learn to love and admire him—the reckless, provoking, gallant, sharp-witted dare devil.

HIS TRICKS.

"He is the good-humored despair of his officers. He will submit to no discipline, and he defies punishment. In fact, it is a positive temptation to him to do wrong, even where there is no other. He is a grown up *gamin*, a street boy dressed in man's clothes, and longing to forget his dignity, and have a game at pitch-and-toss, or leap-frog. He is an artful dodger, masquerading with his tongue in his cheek, and laughing at the company.

"He has a strange, wild, rakish, good-natured face: the longer you look at him the more you believe in his good nature, and doubt of everything else about him. He is dirty to a degree, and even slovenly, except at particular times, when his dress becomes strangely attractive and brilliant. His immense moustaches are rusty from want of care—one turns up and the other turns down. If you are a person in authority he will begin to twirl those when you talk to him, as a ready resource to cover his confusion at being detected in escapade. He is always in a scrape, yet you cannot be angry with him—that is altogether impossible: for his troubles are as absurd as those of an Irishman at a fair, and his doings, however reprehensible, are sure to be mixed up with some irresistible piece of fun, which absolutely strikes you speechless before you can begin a reprimand. While you are preparing to speak to him in a voice of thunder, he suddenly chokes you with laughter at his keen wit, or astounding unconscious impudence, or his consummate acting of absurd contrition.

"You internally acknowledge that your dignity as a commanding officer can only be preserved by biting firmly into your cigar, and retiring, as promptly as possible, to a place where you can conveniently give play to your risible muscles without bringing discipline and the interests of the service into open contempt. The rogue understands this perfectly, and in spite of his assumed bashfulness; nothing is so reassuring to his mind, when he has been at any mischief, than a summons in to the actual presence of his commanding officer; he knows that the game is won then, for it would be a shrewd colonel, indeed, that would catch him tripping.

HIS RECKLESSNESS.

"Though a ready and useful soldier when any real fighting is to be done, he is quite hopeless on parade. He has a genius for anything you like, except the theoretical part of his profession. Perhaps he knows, far to well, that campaigning really is to attach too much importance to it, and secretly votes drilling and reviewing a bore of no common magnitude. He would do anything in the world for an officer that knows how to lead him; but drilling and orderly conduct are really too much for him.

"His dwelling, whether tent, or barracks, or hovel, is a perfect muddle of

strange contrivances. He has none of the neatness, precision and art of stowing away things which usually characterize a soldier or sailor; when he has done with anything he throws it down and forgets all about it, though he may want it again ten minutes afterwards. He will apply things in the most remarkable manner, and without the smallest regard for the purpose for which they were intended:—he would think nothing of drinking brandy out of a powder flask, and keeping ammunition in a sauce pan. He would carry a cutlet in his tunic, and a pair of shoes in a basket, without the least idea of utility of place in either case; and his vanity would prompt him to give away cutlet, shoes, basket and all, in mere gaiety of heart, and to show his excellence as a forager.

"He is wonderful as a cook, tailor, cobler, washerwoman; but he usually applies all these gifts for the benefit of anybody but himself. To please a *visiteur*, or an officer's wife, who knows how to manage him, he would sit up all night, and give up a *petit souper* to mind her baby. He would turn carpenter, blacksmith, housemaid, for her, with equal energy, good will and success. He would risk his life to curl her a nosegay under the enemy's guns, or to bring her some coffee from a shop in Sebastopol.

"Going into Sebastopol, indeed, is his favorite exploit just now. It is idle to attempt to look after him; so he disappears whenever it suits him. He dresses himself in some Russian uniform, found on the field of battle, and joining some deserter, with whom he has contracted a sudden but affectionate friendship, they lay in wait, and hide their time. When there is a sortie, they join the retreating Russians and enter the town with them. If they are interrogated, they feign to be drunk or stupid; their Russian companions get them out of the scrape, for many of them return sound and unharmed with some indisputable trophy of their daring; but many others, probably, fall victims in some way to such inconceivable temerity. It would be a stern man, however, even for a Russian, who could hang a Zouave; and it must be a bad business, indeed, if he could not satisfy anybody who could speak French of the purity of his motives, and in all probability, turn his intended punishment into a reward. The tales they tell about themselves, indeed, when they do come back, are far more extraordinary than all the stories of Baron Munchausen put together."

MORNING A DEMOCRATIC EDITOR AND HIS FAMILY.—A cowardly mob of Black Republicans attacked Mr. McGregor, the editor of the Stark County Democrat, at Massillon, Ohio and endeavored to lynch him. Mr. McGregor took refuge in the Mayor's office, whence he was driven out of town in a carriage followed by a hooting and yelling multitude, who, however, had not the courage to lay hands on him. A party of the same stripe surrounded Mr. McGregor's house in Canton, in which were his wife and little children, in his absence, and frightened them of course, considerably. After all this manly performance they retired. In reference to this emblematic illustration of the "Party of free speech," the Democrat says:

"We know the names of some of the leaders in this outrageous affair, and regret to say that our men of property and families and ought to feel an interest in preserving good order and respecting persons and property. We are gradually getting the names of the cowardly instigators of the mobbing and the lynching code in Canton, and small very soon give their names in glaring capitals. In the list will probably be the names of men in public business—Men who make open professions of Christianity, and who are just now loud mouthed patriots, but always heretofore opposed their own country when engaged in war with a foreign foe.

As publisher of the Stark County Democrat we have ever exercised that wholesome and invaluable right of freely publishing our sentiments and views, and shall endeavor to continue so do. No rowdism nor threats to lynch will be likely to convert us to Abolitionism.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.—Mr. LIVINGSTON, editor of the Troy, (N. Y.) News, was visited by a committee, his office mobbed, and himself compelled to take refuge in Canada, for expressing himself too freely on the causes of our present troubles—under the delusion that this is a land of "free speech and a free press." He publishes a statement of the transaction in the Toronto Leader, that paper remarking as follows:

"The letter we print this morning from the pen of a brother editor tells a tale that should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every Northern man and will be read with astonishment by those on the other side of the Atlantic, who imagine that mob law is peculiarly a Southern institution. Here is a case, in which the conductor of a journal, for no other offence than the moderate expression of honest views, is compelled to abandon his establishment and flee to Canada for safety; the Mayor of the place confessing his inability to protect persons or property, and the whole community passively acquiescing in the outrageous proceeding of a Vigilance Committee. This occurs, remember, not in South Carolina, nor in Alabama, nor in far-off Texas, but in the State of New York and in the Northern City of Troy. And the refugee journalist is in Toronto to-day, a living exemplification of Republican despotism.

Although no call has been made on California for troops, a company of miners has been formed for arming and equipping a regiment of 1,000 men for the war.

Debate in the British Parliament on American Affairs.

England Regards the North and South Equal as Belligerents—Privately Entitled to the Rights of War.

Our English files by the America at Boston bring us full reports of the debate in Parliament on American affairs, of which the telegraph has already furnished a brief sketch. We make a few extracts:

"A LAWFUL BLOCKADE." Earl Granville announced, on behalf of the government, that a lawful blockade must be maintained by a sufficient force, but it was not absolutely necessary to render all ingress and egress impossible, but to render it extremely difficult. With respect to other questions, he stated that certain articles were clearly contraband of war, but that certain other articles depended upon special circumstances and contingencies, which could only be decided by a prize court, and which it was impossible to define beforehand.

VIEW OF THE EARL OF DERBY.

Now, we knew perfectly well that it is not in the power of the Northern States, if their navy were three times as powerful as it is, to effectually blockade all these ports. There is no doubt they might effectually blockade this, or the other port, and that would be a blockade which we should be bound to recognize; but I do think it is very important that her Majesty's government should not commit themselves to the doctrine that the United States are to lay down the principle of a universal blockade, that that universal blockade would be recognized by her Majesty's government, and that all her Majesty's subjects who might choose to disregard it would be liable to penal consequences. [Hear, hear.] I apprehend that to make them so liable the blockade must be one the validity of which has been recognized by their government. It is important, therefore, that her Majesty's government should come to a clear understanding with the government of the United States that a mere paper blockade, or a blockade extending over space to which it is physically impossible that an effective blockade can be applied, will not be recognized as valid by this country. [Hear.]

The other point is one of, perhaps, still greater importance. A noble and learned lord was understood to say a few days ago, that by the law of nations privateering was piracy, and that, consequently, the Northern States would be perfectly justified in carrying out their threat to treat all privateering as piracy, and visiting it with capital punishment. I apprehend that if there is one thing clearer than another, it is that by the law of nations privateering is not piracy—that no enactment on the part of any one nation can make that piracy which the subjects of another country, which is not piracy by the laws of nations, or by the law of that country. The Northern States, therefore, must not be allowed to entertain the opinion—although it may be right that they should engage in privateering expeditions they will not be entitled to claim the protection of their government—that they are at liberty so to strain the law as to convert privateering into piracy and visit it with death. The punishment under such circumstances of persons entitled to her Majesty's protection would not be viewed with indifference, but would receive the most serious consideration by this country. It is right, on the one hand, that the people of this country should be warned of the peril of engaging in privateering undertakings; but it is essentially necessary, on the other, that the Northern States should not be induced to rely upon our forbearance with regard to the violation of the law of nations by visiting privateering with a penalty that is not attached to it by that law. [Hear.]

It is said that the Northern States treat the Southern Confederacy, not as having the rights of belligerents, but as rebels, whose acts will be visited with all the penalties of high treason, including capital punishment. But that is not a doctrine we admit, because we have declared that the Southern States are entitled to the rights of belligerents. The Northern States, on the other hand, cannot be entitled to claim the rights of belligerents for themselves, and, on the other, to treat the Southern States not as belligerents, but as rebels. These are the two points upon which it is most desirable that a clear understanding should be come to between her Majesty's Ministers and the government of the United States—first, that we cannot recognize such a doctrine as that the Southern States may be able to enforce; and secondly, that we cannot recognize the doctrine that, by any proclamation or enactment, the Northern States have power as against the Southern Confederation to treat privateering as piracy, and to visit it with death.

LORD BROUGHAM ON PRIVATEERING.

Privateering, however much it might be reprehended, was undoubtedly, in the case of recognized belligerents, not piracy according to the law of nations, as that law was at present understood and administered; but, if any persons, subjects of this country, fitted out a vessel against another country with which we were at peace, that in itself constituted a piratical act, and he was clearly of opinion that the person so acting would have only themselves to blame if after full warning they entered upon that course. Taking into account the great changes and improvements in all the appliances of warfare which had of late years taken place, we should hold that coal might be looked upon as amounting to contraband of war, if furnished to one of the belligerents to be used in warfare against the other. He might add that he entirely concurred in the opinion that it was not necessary that a blockade, in order to be looked upon as effective, should be of such a nature as to render access to any part of the coast impossible, but that it would be sufficient to constitute it a real blockade, that it precluded the existence of any reasonable chance of entrance.

AN EXPLANATION DEMANDED.

Lord Chelmsford said he wished to bring the opinion to which his noble and learned friend had given expression to a test. The Confederate States of America were admitted by her Majesty's government to be entitled to exercise the rights of a belligerent power. This being so, he should wish to know from his noble and learned friend whether he meant to contend that if an English ship were commissioned by those States, and fitted out as a privateer against the federal government, her crew would, under such circumstances, be guilty of piracy.—British subjects so engaged would, no doubt, be answerable to the laws of their own country; but it was perfectly clear that, in accordance with the principles of international law, they would not be liable to be treated as pirates. That warning should be given to English seamen by means of the proclamation was, of course, a most useful and necessary step, and if after that warning they would engage in such expeditions as those to which he was referring, they must, of course, take the consequences of their conduct. If, he might add, the Southern Confederacy had not been recognized by us as a belligerent power, any Englishman aiding them by fitting out a privateer against the federal government, would, no doubt, be guilty of piracy.

THE RESPONSE.

The Lord Chancellor said his noble friend, the President of the Council, had laid down the law on the point at issue with perfect correctness. If, after the publishing of the present proclamation, any English subject were to enter into the service of either of the belligerents on the other side of the Atlantic, there could be no doubt that the person so acting would be liable to be punished for a violation of the laws of his own country, and would have no right to claim her protection to shield him from any consequences which might arise.—There could, however, at the same time, be no doubt that he ought not to be regarded as a pirate for acting under a commission issued by a State admitted to be entitled to the exercise of belligerent rights, and carrying on what might be called a *justum bellum*. Any body dealing with a man under those circumstances as a pirate and putting him to death would, he contended, be guilty of murder. [Hear, hear.]

What to do with the Slaves.

General Butler's despatches to Lieutenant General Scott, asking for instructions as to the disposition of the fugitive slaves that have come into his quarters at Fortress Monroe, opens up a new question of no trifling magnitude. Gen. Butler says:

"Since I wrote my last dispatch, the question in regard to slave property is becoming one of very serious magnitude.—The inhabitants of Virginia are using their negroes in the batteries, and are preparing to send the women and children South.—The escapes from them are very numerous, and a squad has come in this morning to my pickets, bringing their women and children. Of course these cannot be dealt with upon the theory upon which I designed to treat the services of able-bodied men and women who might come within my lines, and of which I gave you a detailed account in my last dispatch. I am in the utmost doubt what to do with this species of property. Up to this time I have had come within my lines men and women, with their children, in entire families, each family belonging to the same owner. I have, therefore, determined to employ, as I can do very profitably, the able-bodied persons in the party, issuing proper goods for the support of all, and charging against their services the expense of the care and sustenance of the non-laborers, keeping a strict and accurate account, as well of the services as of the expenditures, having the worth of the services and the cost of the expenditure, as determined by the board of survey hereafter to be detailed. I know of no other manner in which to dispose of this subject and the questions connected therewith.—As a matter of property to the insurgents, it will be of very great moment—the number that I now have amounting, as I am informed, to what, in good times, would be of the value of sixty thousand dollars. Twelve of these negroes, I am informed, have escaped from the erection of the batteries at Sewall's Point, which this morning fired upon my expedition as it passed; therefore, in the enemy's hands, these negroes, when able-bodied, are of the last importance. Without them the batteries could not have been erected, at least for many weeks. As a military question it would seem to be a measure of necessity to deprive their masters of their services. How can this be done? As a political question and a question of humanity, can I receive the services of a father and mother, and not take the children? Of the humanitarian aspect there is no doubt; of the political one I have no right to judge. I therefore submit all this to your better judgment. As these questions have a political aspect, I have ventured, and I trust I am not wrong in so doing, to duplicate the parts of my dispatch relating to this subject, and forward them to the Secretary of War."

The whole subject, it seems, was then submitted to the President, and by him to his Cabinet, which resulted in the transmission of the following letter of approval and instruction to General Butler:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 30, 1861.

SIR: Your action in respect to the negroes who come within your lines from the service of the rebels is approved. The department is sensible of the embarrassment which must surround officers conducting military operations in a state by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned.—The government cannot recognize the re-

jection by any state of its Federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing armed combinations formed for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority. While, therefore, you will permit no interference, by the persons under your command, with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of any state, you will on the other hand, so long as any state within which your military operations are conducted is under the control of armed organizations, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who may come within your lines. You will employ such persons in the service to which they may be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and of the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.

S. CAMERON, Sec'y of War.

To Major-General Butler.

Jefferson Davis' Fast Day Proclamation.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

When a people who recognize their dependence upon God feel themselves surrounded by perils and difficulty, it becomes them to humble themselves under the dispensation of Divine Providence, to recognize His righteous government, to acknowledge His goodness in times past, and supplicate His merciful protection for the future.

The manifest proofs of the Divine blessing hitherto extended to the efforts of the people of the Confederate States of America to maintain and perpetuate public liberty, individual rights and national independence, demand their devout and heartfelt gratitude. It becomes them to give public manifestations of this gratitude and of their dependence on the Judge of all the Earth, and to invoke the continuance of His favor. Knowing that none but a just and righteous cause can gain the Divine favor, we would implore the Lord of Hosts to guide and direct our policy in the paths of right, duty, justice and mercy; to unite our hearts and our efforts for the defence of our dearest rights, to strengthen our weakness, crown our arms with success, and enable us to secure a speedy, just and honorable peace.

To these ends, and in conformity with the request of Congress, I invite the people of the Confederate States to the observance of a day of fasting and prayer, by such religious services as may be suitable for the occasion, and I recommend Thursday, the 13th day of June next, for that purpose; and that we may all on that day, with one accord, join in humble and reverential approach to Him in whose hands we are, invoking him to inspire us with a proper spirit and temper of heart and mind to bear our evils, to bless us with His favor and protection, and to bestow His gracious benediction upon our government and country.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

R. TOOMBS, Secretary of State.

WHO IS "BUCKY" NEAL?—Extract from a private letter dated Philadelphia, May 17th 1861.

"I have just received the Dispatch, of Saturday last, giving Charles M. Neal an overhauling. The editor states he does not know 'Neal.' For his information, I will state that it is 'Bucky Neal: the snapper'; and for the information of Pittsburgh readers, I will state that the 'snapper' was the name of the rioting party of a fighting fire-company rallied under, some years since.

"Bucky was at sea when a boy, and fell from aloft injuring one of his limbs to such an extent that he has been lame since. He had a brother killed in a fight on a steamer in the Delaware, a few years since.

"I do think that the Governor, whatever his own merits may be, has been and is surrounded by a most corrupt crew of speculators; and it does Neal no injustice to say that his moral worth, or modesty has not prevented him from being one of the 'Queen's Guards.' Curtin went for Bucky for Navy agent at this port, but Alex. Cummings wanted his brother-in-law, (and one of the proprietors of the Bulletin,) Jim Chambers, in that position. And in consequence of Cummings sticking so closely to Cameron, he secured the appointment for his protégé Chambers, and Bucky was left out in the cold. This time he was holding—as he does now—the office of City Commissioner, at a handsome salary.

But the Governor thought that Neal must be additionally provided for, and as he failed in securing for him the berth of Navy Agent, he appointed him State agent to purchase clothing for the soldiers—a position which he has most unworthily filled, if the statements of the Dispatch are reliable. Some of these fellows will get their due before they die, and if they do not the D—I will get them hereaftermost assuredly. The patriotic fund and soldier's comfort must not be tampered with.

A New Hampshire Regiment passed through the city this morning, fully armed and equipped, and taking army wagons with them.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WHEN a man of sense comes to marry it is a companion he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can play, sing and dance—it is a being who can comfort and counsel him—one who can reason and reason, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate—one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles and educate his children. She is the woman who is fit for a mother and mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company; but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, or to train up a child in the way it should